TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE ADOLPHUS FREDERICK

THE FOLLOWING ODE
ON HIS BIRTH DAY
FEBR. 24th. 1788.

IS ADDRESSED
AS A TRIBUTE OF DUTY AND
RESPECTFUL ATTACHMENT

IN THE NAME OF
THE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN
AT
GOTTINGEN.

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When firſt in Graecia's golden plains
The Muſe awak'd her daring ſtrains,
And Hills and tufted Groves around
Echoed back th' enchanting ſound,
What Souls ne'er felt a kindling flame,
Or Inſpiration's force could tame?

Invok'd, above the great Diurnal Sphere
E'en Gods, enraptur'd, lent a liſt'ning ear,
Heroes with joy reſum'd their ſtubborn toils,
And ſought immortal rank and Godlike Spoils.

The Old forgot their ling'ring pains,
Diſeaſe, and all its languid trains;
E'en Death ſeem'd ſoften'd for a while,
And grin'd a ſecond "ghaſtly ſmile:"
But chief the Young, ſtruck with a virtuous fire,
Felt the full Magic of the Muſe's Lyre;
Their yielding minds, with prompt obedience fraught,
Here catch'd the Energy of manly thought:
And one expanding Soul, throughout the Land,
Urg'd the juſt actions of the youthful Band.

Whether, ſhe ſeiz'd th' enchanting ſhell
To paint, where happy Spirits dwell,

The blooming Groves, the ſmiling Hills,
Bright Vales, and Lethe's mazy rills,
And to the raptur'd Eye diſplay'd
Virtue in Glory's folds array'd:
Or frowning with a juſt indignant hate,
She touch'd on coward Vice's vanquiſh'd fate;
One glorious moral fill'd her ſolemn ſtrings,
And form'd her offering at the throne of Kings.

And where can timid Caution chuſe
A model for a Britiſh Muſe
So chaſtely turn'd — to ſwell the lay
In tribute to this honor'd day? —
A day, when duteous Mirth awakes the mind,
By no cold doubts, or ſullen fears confin'd,
When jovial trains, with Natal wreaths, appear,
Hope in the van, and Merit in the rear;

uch for Adolphus is the love that reigns
Or thro' the Britiſh realms, or Brunſwic plains.

Is it, he treads with ſteady Care,
Where Ethic flow'rs embalm the Air,
And lets his finer feelings rove
Thro' friendly Plato's hallow'd grove,
T'enrich, by every nicer art,
The native bleſſings of the Heart!

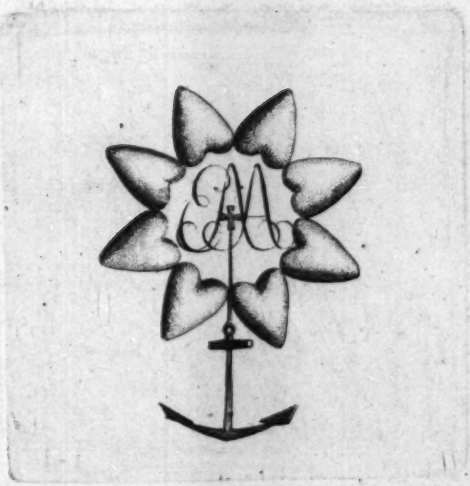
Full oft, I ſee his noble boſom feel
Honour's bright maxims, Friendſhip's fervid zeal —
That zeal, which rip'ning in a gen'rous mind
Mocks cold diſtinctions to embrace Mankind.

Is it, he opes th'hiſtoric page
To trace the manly Roman age;
Or to Graecia's valourous day
His ardent ſpirit wings its way!

How joyfully his ſoul expands her gate!
Whene'er a Patriot ſaves a ſinking ſtate,
Whene'er a ſtate, intent on Virtue's cauſe,
Riſes to envied height, by Freedoms laws,
And leaves beneath each vain inſulting foe:
Such as was Latium once, and Britain now.

Thus have the Great, in every Clime,
Been fir'd in Youth by deeds ſublime:
And ſuch is Education's aim,
She wakes the ſpark, and fans its flame,
Which mounting 'bove the vulgar gaze,
Forms Honours luſtre, Glory's blaze:
And in theſe bowers of the ſacred Nine,
Where Science guides her Youth by wisdom's line,
Shall lov'd Adolphus damp a kindling Heart,
And give Britannia diſappointment's ſmart?

No! nor fell Circe's magic ſmiles,
Nor all the Syrens' potent wiles,
Or Luxury's alluring force,
Shall e'er divert his manly courſe,
While ſteering through fair Virtue's realms afar,
Prudence his helm, Honour his guiding ſtar,
He gains the glitt'ring port of high Renown
T'enroll, with Britains ceaſeleſs fame, his own,
And leaves ſome nobler Muſe to chant his praiſe,
In the deep numbers of Heroic lays.

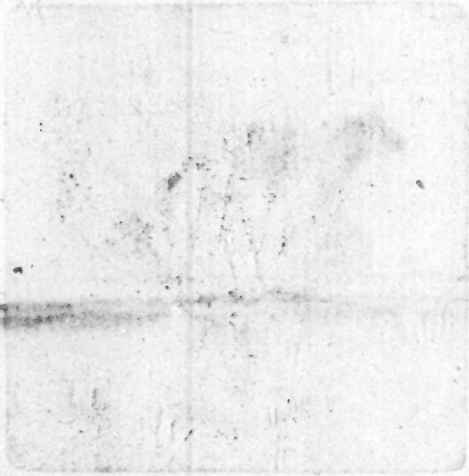


When Ocean gave our Britain birth
He form'd the ſeat of Freedom's reign,
From Greece and Rome when driven forth
To hold her Empire oer the Main.

Chorus

Rule Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never ſhall be Slaves!

For now behold ADOLPHUS riſe
Her claims to thunder thro' the skies —
— Thoſe ſacred claims from Heavn that ſpring,
Supported by our Patriot King!

Chorus

Hail him Britons ſwell the lay!
Sound to Heav'n this natal day!